

SPIRITUAL

TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 152.

The Principles of Nature.

THE ANGEL OF LOVE.

BY ALBA.

A white-robed angel of pure seraphic beauty, with an eye beaming with pensive thought and a soul full of gushing tenderness—a countenance lit up with majestic benignity, and a form of ethereal loveliness, with voice blending harmoniously with the music of the celestial spheres—left her bright home, and on wings of viewless air sought the shade of the *esperant* world. This bright angel wore upon her head a wreath of amaranthine flowers, in which was ingeniously wrought these words—"I love never faith." The angel's countenance now shone with resplendent light, for her mission was one of love to fallen humanity.

As she approached the supernal spheres her soul was filled with unspeakable delight. Floods of light burst upon her, not only clear and effulgent, but as transparent as the purest crystal. She paused a moment to drink in the beautiful light which surrounded her. She listened with rapture to the music which filled the air and resounded from sphere to sphere, till it reached the throne of the Eternal. Not long did she pause, for she glanced down far below—down, down to the rudimental world; and as she beheld the weary pilgrim, with lacerated, bleeding feet, treading earth's dreary pathway, love, pity, and sympathy took possession of her generous soul. She moved on toward a bright circle that was chanting the song of the redeemed. The Angel of Love knelt before the throne, and thus addressed them:

"Angel-brothers, who so touchingly chant the song of welcome—ye who have arrived at this high summit of progression, and have had written upon your foreheads, 'Wisdom, Truth, Love,' listen, O listen to the words which love in its artlessness may speak."

The angels laid aside their golden harps, gently raised the kneeling messenger, and said, "Kneel not to us, for thou wearst a crown, an enduring crown, a fadeless wreath; and within those amaranthine flowers will be entwined fairer buds, and the word *Saviour* will be wrought in their opening petals. But speak, thou Angel of Love; tell us the thoughts which radiate thy countenance."

The angel raised her soul-lit eyes and said, "I have come to ask you who have transcended the lower spheres, and have arrived to the high summit of wisdom, to assist me to go on a mission of love to yonder planet—the rudimental sphere—and help me to reach the hearts of those who are groping in mid-night darkness. Oh, let us go and wipe the sad tears from eyes that long have wept! They will, perhaps, listen to an angel's voice, and will gladly catch the soft whispers which will fall like dew upon their weary hearts. Oh, let me go!"

"Thou art a loving ministering spirit," exclaimed Wisdom and Truth, "but thou art not wise. Think you that earth's children would listen for a moment to a voice from heaven, though that voice be full of angelic sweetness? They will ridicule the idea of communion with angels; they are lost in worldliness—they have had light, but heeded it not; they have almost forgotten the divine Teacher who lived and died for the world, who left indelible words of truth, love, and wisdom to guide the soul heavenward. Did not the sun of truth rise gloriously in the eastern sky, and has it not pointed with steady finger to this bright goal, ever since the glad hour when the morning stars sang together for joy? 'Tis useless—they will not listen though one should go from the highest of our Father's mansions."

The Angel of Love again raised her tearful eyes and said: "It is because man is so lost in worldliness that I plead so earnestly. I know he has erred; I know he has sinned; I know he is woe-stricken; but I know he is capable of attaining the highest angelic elevation. Our love should be greater, far greater than his folly."

The rich intonations of the Spirit-voice have ceased, the angel's head has bowed; an angel's tears are bathing the feet of those exalted Spirits, Wisdom and Truth. Silence reigns. The music of the adjoining spheres is hushed, and all is still.

But soon sweet melodies are heard, and as the sounds die away in the distance, a Spirit bright and heavenly advances. He approaches the Angel of Love, gently raises her drooping head, and gazes lovingly into her softened eyes: "Thou ministering Spirit—sweet child of sympathy and consolation—I have come from my Father's throne to lay my hand upon thy head, and to bless thee, dear child of pity. Thy pleading voice has found its way to the heavenly Father's ear, and to each throbbing heart. Thou hast pleaded for wearied humanity. Strike now the golden harp. Let your glad strains be raised higher, still higher; but let softness mingle with the strains. An angel's tear has fallen. From that tear soft rivulets shall flow, from those opening buds which deck thy brow shall sweet flowers bloom, and they will emit heavenly fragrance. Wisdom and Truth dared not send thee on so great, so high a mission. They are not as trusting as thou. With all their wisdom they see not what thou seest—that love

is stronger than hate; that good is more powerful than evil; that peace is more eloquent than war. Right will conquer; love never faileth. Go, my child, and my Spirit shall accompany thee. I know that the world still needs angels of love to awaken it from its long sleep."

The Angel of Love raised her drooping head and laid it gently upon the Saviour's breast. A throng of bright Spirits now approached and cast garlands at his feet. Little children came also with pale blue and white flowers, and scattered them upon the head of the Saviour—of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." The calm and placid angel called Hope now came near, and drew Love to his side, and said: "I have brought thee a wreath of evergreens, interspersed with white roses. I would now place it upon thy brow, for the hour has come for thee to depart on thy mission; but say, gentle sister, may I not accompany thee on thy errand of mercy? The hour may come when thou wilt be desponding. Let me be by thy side to whisper words of hope and encouragement. Sister, let me go with thee."

The Angel of Love was almost entranced by the music of Hope's sweet voice, and in like-like tones she thus replied: "Speak on, oh, speak on, sweet Angel of Hope, the soft melodies of thy voice will fall like healing balm upon the hearts of crushed humanity. Breathe thy inspiration alike upon those who grope in darkness, as upon those who revel in heaven's radiant sunlight. Speak as lovingly to the guilty soul as to the more pure in heart. Yes, we will go together—together will we comfort the mourner, and lift up the bowed soul so that it will be able to drink in the beauty and harmony of these celestial spheres."

'Tis a calm, holy hour, the hour of twilight; a group of mourners is seen by the lifeless body of a cherished friend. They have refused to be comforted, for they fear the dead will not live again. They see no fairy bowers where a loved friend is met by angels, and crowned with a wreath of fadeless beauty. They hear not the rich music breathed from angel harps as they chant the glad song of welcome. Neither do they see the white-robed Spirit which but a few hours before inhabited the clay-cold form before them. They see her not enveloped in the calm breeze of immortal love; they see not the softened beauty that now lights up the new-born Spirit. All to them is dark. But hark! what were those sylvan sounds?—whence comes that gentle whisper?—what fairy-like forms are those gliding about the room, seen only by the visionist? A glad smile now lights up the mourners' sad faces, for the twin angels, Hope and Love, have succeeded in whispering into their ears words of peace. In her hands they have placed immortal flowers, and have revealed to her the glad tidings of the soul's capacity to again visit the earth.

The angel's work is now commenced. The dark, lathsome prison is visited. Hope and Love are now found kneeling beside the condemned. Hope whispers of the "better land," Love places her hand upon the stiffened limbs and gently raises the cold chain that it may not press too heavily upon the already swollen cords. She addresses him as she has others, who have drunk deep from sorrow's cup. Her voice is as soft as the gentle snow-fake. It has no note of bitterness—no words of reproach. She drops tears upon his aching head; she soothes away his despair, and chases the dark shadows from his soul; she breathes into his disturbed spirit the serene breath of peace. Love flows into all his being; he bows his head and weeps like a child. Then there are heard sweeter accents still, for a voice of gushing melody is saying, "Go, and sin no more."

While Hope and Love are traversing from city to city, from heart to heart, strange rumors are abroad in the rudimental sphere. The cry of "bumbling and delusion" falls on the ear. The forces of opposition have been set in motion. Wise men investigate the new and strange doctrine of "heaven open to man." In upper rooms may be found philosophers, moralists, doctors of divinity, editors, lawyers, physicians, men of science, professors of chemistry, electricity, mesmerism, psychology, etc., all devising ways and means to retard the progress of angels. They hint at "astronomy" at shutting up houses of worship—thinking thus to keep out ministering Spirits. They say, "This agitation must be stopped. The world is running mad; Spiritualism threatens to overturn our 'beloved institutions'; many are leaving our churches." "Our craft is in danger," says the physician; "the sick are healed, the blind are made to see, the lame to walk, and more wonderful things are done at the present time than were done in the days of Christ."

Thus the wise men talk; they make suggestions, they guess, but all to no purpose. The angels are working still; numberless Spirits now throng the air. Love and Hope have prepared the way; they heed not the warning voice of the conservative. Yes, nevertheless power can chain an angel-form—no "evangelical" body can push an angel's whisper. Priestcraft may rear its powerful head and deal out its anathemas, yet it has not power to hide angel-forms from those whose interior vision has been opened, and who have had revealed to them the ineffable loveliness of the celestial spheres.

There is joy in heaven, for the twin-angels have returned.

In their hands is borne the olive branch of Peace, and upon its branches these words are inscribed: "In the rudimental sphere may be found some choice Spirits—some who are now willing to be co-workers with us and labor for love and freedom."

Humanity is not totally depraved. Though earth is full of barren wastes, it has its fertile spots, its flowering lawns. Society must answer for its prison-houses; the strong and mighty must answer for the wrongs, the outrage enacted on the weak and helpless children of woe. Ignorance is swelling the tide of misery, but when men shall have become enlightened—when they shall have come into the glorious sunlight of love and freedom, they will see the folly of trimming off the branches to remedy the evil while the canker-worm is gnawing at the root, the source whence proceeds all the evils which now cause humanity to breathe its sigh of despair.

Again the Angel of Love seeks the wisdom-spheres. Softly as the descending snow did she approach the circles of truth and wisdom. Gently she said, "Help me, oh, help me to be wise—wisdom is needed as well as love. Truth also is necessary to the growth of the soul. I have been instrumental in awakening many of earth's children from sleep, and now I would teach them wisdom and truth, and I would ask you to accompany me, to impress upon their new plastic souls your words of power. They now need to be taught by you who are so well skilled in wisdom and knowledge." A deep note of applause was heard through this lofty sphere, and as these wise angels gathered their robes about them to accompany Love to the earth-sphere, music from every sphere was heard. It was a harmonious blending of all the wisdoms and the loves. It surpassed all that had ever been heard.

There is a pause in heaven—the angel band have laid aside their golden harps; hushed are their soft-breathing melodies; entrancing music which but a moment before filled the heavenly spheres now dies away in softest cadence. What has hushed those dulcet strains? What magic power has thus silenced the angel songsters?

Those sweet minstrels have met the uplifted eye of the Angel of Love! Beside her is a human spirit. Dark spots are seen upon this new-born soul. Love has placed her arm about her and is gently pointing the way to the upper spheres. The angels gaze with glowing admiration upon the advancing Spirit. They pause until the new-born soul has power to listen to their entrancing music.

But see! they wait not till the weary one reaches them, but on wings of love they hasten to assist the wanderer to rise to their home of beauty and repose.

Now the Spirit advances rapidly; she is encircled by a holy throng; little children scatter flowers along her path; Hope is whispering of fairy bowers where Peace is twining immortal buds to deck the ransomed Spirit. In this bower of love the soul now pauses, lifts her longing eyes to brighter realms, and views with rapturous delight the flowing waters of progression dancing in the beautiful sunlight. She almost fancies she hears their gentle murmuring, and she longs to bathe her fevered brow in this river of life as it flows on peacefully through shady groves, where perched upon leafy boughs is the gentle white dove, bearing an olive leaf, emblematic of peace, purity, perfection, and love.

Hark! what mean those heavenly voices? Whence comes that dulcet strain? Again there is joy in heaven, for a dark Spirit is born into the glorious sunlight of love. The lost is found, and there is great joy in heaven over the sinner that repented!

But where is the Angel of Love? Has she folded her bright pinions, and does she now rest from her labors? Nay; her mission is not yet ended. So long as there is one child of sorrow; so long as one mourner weeps in gloomy solitude, or one lone Spirit laments in sadness; so long as one crushed heart pulsates with woe; so long as the weary pilgrim treads earth's toilsome pathway, so long will the Angel of Love come to the earth-sphere. We will not leave earth's children desolate; she will come and fan our weary brow, and soft breezes from heavenly hills will cool our restless spirit.

Hesperale, Feb. 26th, 1855.

SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATION.—We are apt to become skeptical as to the existence of spiritual beings in perfect form and substance which we can not see. It is only necessary to reflect that the common atmosphere around us is matter of some kind; and were a being to be made even of substance so dense, it would be invisible to us. But again, there are substances of a much lighter nature. Hydrogen gas is twelve times lighter than the atmosphere. Let us suppose a being constituted of this. It would be utterly invisible to our senses. Why, then, will we doubt because we can not see it? The eye of the spiritual body is much finer than the eye of such a body would be. The electrical organization is as substantial as a solid rock.

SPIRIT-PROPHECIES AND WARNINGS.

The following was received on the 26th of November. The medium felt impressed to retire to his room and write. On taking up the pen he felt impressed to write the following names:

General Jackson, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, J. Q. Adams; to which were appended, when it was announced, these words:

"A circle of Wisdom, Science, and Statesmanship." The writing then proceeded.

Canst thou learn the lessons they would teach, and improve by knowing them? Then know that in thy own country Spirits are operating to enlighten and reform mankind. They seem not to work, and still great things are accomplished. European despotism is now warring with itself, and from its self-made ruins will arise freedom of thought and freedom of action. The great battle of Liberty is the battle of God, and it is now being fought. Russia will not be conquered, but will be paralyzed. France will be better prepared to sustain her Liberty when once it is attained, and England will lose all the prowess of monarchy. Turkey will be reformed and become severed from the wild traditions of Mohammed, and all Europe will become liberalized. This is the inevitable result, and God has determined it. The religion of the world must become the Humanitarian, and this will become general in a brief space of time, for God has willed it.

On the duty and destiny of America there is much we would say. It has been ordered, in the providence of God, that in this fruitful and extended country all the resources of material wealth should be deposited. Lakes and rivers for the supply of the vast inland with useful employment, and to afford easy access to the great oceanic border, abound. Mineral wealth is stored in its broad and fertile bosom, and requires a small amount of enterprise to yield their treasures in abundance. As the forest yields to the axe of civilization, immense coal fields are discovered just beneath the crust of the soil. As the arts and sciences penetrate the extreme West, gold and the precious metals are found deposited in inexhaustible mines. But still more sure and unfailling wealth is everywhere ready to bless the husbandman's toil when applied with skill and adapted to the various grades of earth and climate. It is this alone that makes the Western World the home of the oppressed of all lands, and will make it the Eden of earth's loneliness for all time to come.

But this fair heritage—this hope of humanity—is in danger of forgetting its mission. It should ever stand up as the firm supporter of down-trodden humanity—the defender of its crushed, yet cherished hopes—the sustainer of its rights, and the advocate of justice to the poor of all lands. Yet, how is it with her now? Lecherous hands have stained the page of her history. Villainous hearts have marred the beauty of her bright escutcheon by leaving there the blot of their own villainies. Selfish ambition has led those in high authority to disregard the rights of mankind, and barter the dearest principles of freedom by the most unprincipled political intrigues for individual promotion and base partisan interests. These things must not continue, for surely if they do, the opportunities of being foremost among nations in redeeming mankind and bringing in the glorious reign of Peace, Liberty, and Love—or, in other words, of Fraternity, Justice, and Universal Right—will be lost, and some of the oppressed nations of the world will raise up the ensign of PROGRESSION and LIBERTY, and gather the nations beneath its folds, while America will become a by-word and a reproach to all people.

This is no idle dream, but an imposing reality, and the altars of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, which shone so brightly once, then dimmed and went out when the rust of avarice and the canker of licentiousness caused them to be neglected, speak more than prophecy to the people of the United States.

Let them remember that the blood of their Revolutionary battle-fields was spilled for Liberty—that the years of her patient founders were spent in sacrifice and toil to lay the foundation of that temple which Egypt, Greece, and Rome had failed to build—that "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" were pledged to sustain it, and their whole energies were devoted in uprearing its pillars. Let them know too, that, with the holy angels, their pure Spirits are now beholding, with anxiety for the good of mankind, the course pursued by the people and those in authority, and that their great Spirit-hands throng with the warm pulsations of earnest regard for the well-being of this Republic, which they still hope to see perpetuated and its boundaries enlarged until it shall embrace in the "Model Government" all the nations of the earth.

People of America, will you see your country rise in the glory of her mighty prowess as an arbiter of peace among nations? Will you help to perpetuate her free institutions and to lead her on to this her most glorious destiny—to become the mother of disenthralled nations, whose fall breasts shall give nourishment to humanity redeemed? Then battle on, and always for the Right. Let your great national heart always beat in unison with Liberty, and the nation's voice ever sound for the release of the oppressed. Let the moral sense of the whole people ever be roused against wrong, and the spirit of true charity always be brought to operate upon the wrong doer;

then shall your nation indeed be blessed, and under the favor of Heaven rise in the glory and grandeur of her moral wealth, and in the store of individual and collective worth, above all others.

The mission of these States is but just commenced. A career of prosperity and usefulness unrivaled in all the past, with prudent councils and judicious direction, awaits the future of young America. A halo of glory which the nations have never seen surrounds her days of promise. The Goddess of Liberty has brought all her deified powers to bear for her advancement; and now will she not with joy fulfill her whole destiny? One thing alone gives token of fear. It is that feeling of diversity of interest which is tending to divide the unity of feeling and action, and is operating to widen the breach between one another. Let Americans know that their interests and objects are one, that they have a common work and a common duty, and let them unite in performing it. There is no room for diversity in the work of redeeming mankind from the oppression of despotism, caste, or creed. All efforts in that direction tend one way, and must blend to be effectual.

The duty of all Americans, and of all who are intending to adopt America as their future home, is plain. All else must be laid aside and forgotten save a desire to perpetuate and adorn her free institutions, in order the more speedily to advance the Humanitarian age, when every man shall be a rightful sovereign inspired with the spirit of TRUE LIBERTY, and filled with Wisdom, Peace, and Plenty.

MIRACLES IN NEW ORLEANS.

The following literal translation of a communication which we have received from a French gentleman of New Orleans, will we doubt be perused with deep interest, as affording materially to the common stock of marvels and inexplicabilities that are now being developed. We have only to add that the communication comes to us well authenticated by collateral testimony. We have conversed with a French gentleman of this city who is intimately acquainted with the writer, and who assures us that the latter is a cool and scientific observer, and in every respect a reliable man. For the last fourteen years he has been connected with an Association for the investigation of all questions coming under the head of Animal Magnetism, Psychology, etc., which numbers among its members several distinguished gentlemen, and with the late Hon. Felix Garcia, President of the Senate of Louisiana. These facts render it highly improbable that our correspondent has been deceived in his observations, or that he would by any means knowingly deceive others in relating them.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8, 1855.

MESSERS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:—We have successively received, through an entranced medium (an orphan girl between thirteen and fourteen years of age), a quantity of articles which I will enumerate, in round numbers, as follows: Sixty engravings on paper; one small silver crucifix; fifty small silver medals (of different sizes); two small medals of gold, and ten small books. The engravings had almost all been made in Paris; they represent so many different religious subjects; they are of different shapes and sizes, but in general they measure about three inches wide, and five or six inches high; their edges are indented to the depth of from one half to three quarters of an inch; they are therefore fragile, but they nevertheless came to us without exhibiting a single fold, or being in the least degree crumpled. The medals all represent the Virgin Mary, and are such as many Catholics suspend from the necks of their children. The books are all works of piety, and are in conformity to the Roman faith. Only one of them is in English, this having more than 300 pages, of a size a little larger than the others. The others are in French, printed in France, having 284 pages, measuring two and a half inches one way, and three and a half inches the other, and being three quarters of an inch thick. All these books seem not to have been touched since they came from the hands of the bookbinder.

There were also sometimes given to the medium, in compliance with her request, some small pieces of money, which very often disappeared in her hand without our being able to see what became of them.

In these diverse operations the medium sometimes held her hand on the table, and sometimes under it. She would now and then say, "Give, then," or "Take, then," as if she were speaking to some one. If any one interrogated her on this subject, she would say she saw some children like herself. As for me, I confess I saw nothing of the kind.

We have taken that girl into several families where she was a stranger, and there also silver medals and books have been received. It is scarcely necessary to say that before commencing a sitting, measures were taken to assure ourselves that nothing was hidden either in the clothes of the medium or in the table.

Last Sunday I conducted her to a house where she had never been. The room was perfectly lighted. The table, which was a very common one, having four legs and without a drawer, measured two feet wide and three feet long. The medium and the master of the house seated themselves at the sides of the table, and the mistress and her youngest daughter sat at the ends. Two other persons and myself remained a step from the table, and in such a position that we could see the hands of the medium. Within a few seconds the girl was

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1885.

APPENDIX TO THE CLEVELAND DISCUSSION.

In the report of the recent discussion at Cleveland, Ohio, between Messrs. Mahan, Rehn, and Tiffany, we find a passing statement by the first-named gentleman that demands a passing notice. In the course of the debate on the ninth evening, President Mahan had occasion to refer to the work entitled "Astounding Facts from the Spirit-World," when the following colloquy ensued. After briefly admiring the moral obliquity of Spirits, Mr. M. continued:

"I will give a revelation from a book advertised as among the fundamental truths, entitled, 'Astounding Disclosures from the Spirit-World.' I was told that the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH office that they were responsible for its being a Spirit-production."

(Mr. Mahan then read an extract from the book, the substance of which was, that the "free love" doctrine was carried out in the Spirit-world, and would be ere long in this.) Mr. Tiffany, stepping up to the table and taking a pamphlet from it, looked at it a moment, and then inquired:

"Did you get that book at the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH office?" Mr. Mahan, somewhat confused: "It was sent to the editor of the New York Independent to review, of whom I received it, and immediately took it to Mr. Brittan, and asked him if it was a genuine work. He replied that he would be responsible for its being a Spirit-production, but not for the sentiments contained in it."

Mr. Tiffany, holding the pamphlet up to the audience: "Why, this book is not published by Partridge & Brittan. It is the Free-Will Baptist Quarterly Review."

Stamping and confusion in the audience. Mr. Mahan, somewhat still: "I read an extract from the work from an article in that periodical written by myself and am responsible for it. It is quoted from the book, word for word. I have the book at home, and will get it," making a motion as if going.

Mr. Tiffany: "No, no, that is not necessary." Mr. Mahan: "This is a communication coming from the highest spheres. And have any other Spirits spoken against it? I tell you that if these were pure Spirits, they should have been from the invisible world the voice of a great multitude crying out against such sentiments. They have never uttered a lie against such morality, and before God I hold them responsible for it."

President Mahan's account of his interview with the present writer is essentially erroneous. We well remember that a gentleman, who did not make himself known, came to our office some time since, and exhibiting a copy of the book in question, solicited our opinion respecting its claims, at the same time remarking that he had obtained the book from the Editor of the Independent, but did not know whether the statements of the author were entitled to confidence. We replied, in substance, that while we, personally, did not accept that book as any authority in spiritual matters, or as containing an expression of the general views of Spiritualists, we, nevertheless, did believe that the author was serious, and that he had, in good faith, made this record of his individual experience. As to how far the facts of that experience were or are properly referable to spiritual causes, we did not presume to decide. Indeed, we have never expressed any opinion on this point, either to President Mahan or any other person. We may certainly indorse the good faith of Dr. Gridley without implying that we either accept his deductions from the facts recorded, or that Spiritualists are accustomed to conform their lives to the precepts of some unknown Spirit, whose intelligence and moral rectitude are called in question.

During the discussion, the President made the discovery that the "Astounding Facts," etc., were advertised in the list of Spiritual Publications on the last page of this paper. Moreover, after a diligent search he found one passage that is said to teach "free love," therefore the TELEGRAPH, in which said book is advertised, is presumed to sanction this doctrine. But can any sensible man entertain the idea that it is a part of the business of a bookseller to believe all that is contained in all the works that cover his shelves? Why should the man who sells a book be expected to accept the author's views, any more than the man who purchases the same, or gives it a place in his library, as Mr. Mahan has done by the book he condemns? Such logic is both lame and blind, and indicates that the gentleman who uses it is either limited in his resources for conducting such a controversy, or that he is extremely unfair as a disputant.

We extract the following paragraph from Mr. Tiffany's reply to Mr. Mahan respecting the point under review:

"The fact that there are certain men living in this world who teach such doctrines, shows that there may be also Spirits that teach such the same, if they had an opportunity. But I will look at the way in which this charge is brought home against Spiritualism. My friend reads from a catalogue of books advertised in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, among which I notice Mr. Beecher's work on pre-existence, which surely he would not call a fundamental work of Spiritualism. Let me say that different Spiritualists publish their own works, and send them to this office in New York to be sold by Partridge & Brittan, and hence they are advertised in their list of books. But my friend knows that the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH not only does not advocate such a doctrine, but repudiates it in toto. And when an individual will resort to that course to attack Spiritualism, it seems to me that he has but little left to say."

We are quite willing that the learned President should hold the Spirit who dictated the objectionable passage in Dr. Gridley's book responsible for his sentiments before any tribunal on earth or elsewhere. Moreover, if he wishes to summon the offender before a council of Oberlin divines, he has our special permission; and, if so disposed, he is also at liberty to issue a process against the Spirits that corrupted Mary Magdalene, and to reject the New Testament until they are arrested and brought to justice.

We will think Prof. Mahan to insert the foregoing in an Appendix to the Cleveland Discussion.

LETTER FROM REV. T. L. HARRIS.

DEAR BROTHER: I address this letter from a sand-bar in the Alabama River, where our steamer has lain for the last twelve hours. To-day is Sunday, March 11th, and the beams of the sun are as radiant as the rays of a Northern June. The Sylphs of the Flowers, who two months from now will weave their dance among the hills of Berkshire and the Helderberg, attend us on our Southern pilgrimage. You must not imagine, however, a gay, tropical landscape. The forest trees are still nude. Only the maple hangs out its red blossoms in the woods. Only the peach and plum blossoms adorn the orchards. The first flowers—the hyacinth, violet, and daffodil—open in the gardens, and the wild strawberry in the thickets. As I passed through

Georgia and Alabama the negroes everywhere were visible, men and women, following the plow in the corn and cotton fields. Now and then a winged prophet of golden and perfumed days, in the form of a large butterfly, flew past.

On Friday evening last I closed a series of six lectures on Spiritualism in the city of Griffin, Georgia. These lectures were delivered in the chapel of the Presbyterian Synodical College. They were attended by large audiences, embracing probably half of the adult population of the place. All denominations, Orthodox and Liberal, were represented. The Spiritualists of that place, though not numerous, are men of universally acknowledged probity and moral worth, men who live up to the Divine Truth of the New Age, and do not fear to bear testimony to their faith. (This is the second series of lectures which I have delivered since I left New York, the first having been in Baltimore, of the character and results of which doubtless the brethren in that place have informed you ere this. I am now on my way to Mobile, Ala., where I expect to deliver a third series.)

Spiritualism is taking deep root in the affections of the citizens of our Southern States. This is especially true of Georgia, where the Temperance Reform and an extended school system have prepared the public mind, in some degree, for the advent of advanced and liberal ideas. At Griffin I had the pleasure of reading a letter from our earnest and eloquent co-laborer, Rev. J. B. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tenn. The influence of Bro. F. is very extensive in the Southern States, and, if I mistake not, the religious body of which he has been so prominent a member is destined to add numbers of gifted advocates as well as thousands of intelligent adherents to the great cause of Spiritual Light, Holiness, and Love. Alexander Campbell, than whom Spiritualism has few more bitter and unscrupulous foes, has just visited Nashville for the purpose of opposing Bro. F. and "putting down" Spiritualism there, but his efforts have, as usual, advanced rather than retarded the progress of our Faith. I find that throughout this portion of the South that Spiritualists generally are enraptured on the contemplation of the great Facts and Principles established through communion with the World of the Immortals, and but little disposed to dogmatize upon them. While on the one hand they cling to the Divine Truths of Christianity, they are rapidly outgrowing all human interpretations of the Scriptures, disposed to test all dogmas by the light of Reason, sternly to repudiate all creeds, and forgetting all sectarian barriers, to unite in a cordial fellowship with all free and noble spirits, lovers of God and man.

I have heard many well-authenticated facts relative to spiritual manifestations since I left New York; and find that mediums are being developed in most sections of the South. So great, however, is the hostile influence brought to bear by uneducated and bigoted clergymen that a large portion are prevented from the full unfolding of their gifts. If a net could be drawn over the South, which would retain in its meshes the Spiritual Facts which people the waters of truth there, no twelve fishermen, even though Apostles, would be able to draw it to land.

I will close by stating that I find my health improving under the influence of the genial Southern air, and by wishing you and all our friends, not alone the visitants of the outward, but also of the Inward and Eternal Spring.

I enclose my letter to Mr. Tiffany. We are now but a short distance from the night is cloudless and the air full of the very element of peace. I have often thought that even here, where our souls in harmony with the profound life that stirs about us, we might enjoy the very beatitudes that fill an angel in his sphere. An Intelligence seems to look down upon us from every star, and the soft atmosphere that embraces us feels as if we were full of healing and sympathy, laden with balm for the body and blessings for the soul. In this "calm night that breedeth thought" I have been communing with dear ones in the World of Morning, till it seems as if I too were the partaker of Immortality. Surely, we who labor to quicken the dead world to Divine and imperishable knowledge "have bread to eat that men know not of."

Yet, turning from starlight and peace without, and entering the saloon of our steamer, the transition is very painful. The air is foul with the odors of tobacco and alcohol. In three days I have not heard the Divine Name uttered but to profane it. The Outward Religion of the age has become inverted from its original form, and these are its fruits. Everywhere it is evident that men are dying, even in the midst of the visible civilization of the times, dying of diseased minds and perverted hearts. Never till now are we convinced that they have an Inward Life, an Eternal Future, can this growing sensuality, with its monstrous diseases, crimes, and sufferings, be arrested. I look upon spiritual manifestations as the only possible method of instructing the masses of our people in this great truth. It may sound well for eloquent pulpit orators to cry, "no need of further evidence of Immortality," but let them see what I have of the obstinate and rapidly increasing skepticism of our people where Spiritualism has not penetrated, and they must in deep contrition confess their fault. The facts of Spiritualism are as important now as was the rolling of the rock from the sepulcher, the vision of angels, and the re-appearance of the Immortal Christ eighteen centuries ago. They subserve the same beneficent purpose, bringing Life and Immortality to light. But enough of this.

Permit me to narrate an instance or two, showing the antipathy to Spiritualism and Spiritualists which obtains among our Roman Catholic brethren. A gentleman of position and influence in Baltimore was requested by a portion of the Lecture Committee of the Maryland Institute, just previous to my visit to Baltimore, to suggest the name of some lecturer whose services might be obtained to fill up a vacancy in the course now being delivered before that body. Shortly afterward he called on Dr. Moffat, the chairman of that committee, and mentioned my name. Dr. M., who is a Professor in the Jesuit College, at once informed him that the fact that I was a Spiritualist would preclude me from receiving an invitation, and also that Judge Edmonds had been rejected as a Lecturer for the same cause. This is the fact. The fact the second is a fit appendage. I received a few days since a letter from a Roman Catholic, postmarked in a city where I have recently delivered a course of lectures. The writer, after denouncing my course in advocating Spiritualism in the most bitter terms, concludes by informing me that unless I desist I shall be "cut off by unknown hands." I allude to this, not because I attach the slightest personal importance to the threat, but simply as another illustration of the spirit of our opposers. Let us pity these misguided brethren, who indeed "know not what they do," and let us labor on lovingly and earnestly to break the bonds of the oppressor and let the oppressed go free.

Yours as ever, T. L. H.

SAILED FOR EUROPE.

Dr. W. R. Hayden, Mrs. Hayden, and Miss Emma Frances Jay took passage in the Africa, which sailed from Boston on Wednesday last. During the ensuing season they will visit the World's Exhibition at Paris, and spend several months in London, for the purpose of extending the interest heretofore manifested in the investigation of modern Spiritual phenomena. We trust that their visit will be productive of great good to the cause with which their names are identified, and that they may return to us in safety, with fresh hopes and inspirations, and with irrigated powers of body, mind, and spirit. The Old World needs a few such spiritual missionaries to inspire a better faith in God and immortality. Through these messengers of light the spirit of a living inspiration may breathe over the old desolation, and fresh, immortal flowers spring up and clothe the Eden made desolate by sectarian vandalism. The Angel of the Spiritual Era has set one foot on the continent of Europe, and waits to crown his ministers with victory in the early morning of the world's great day.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Among the recent improvements in the Photographic Art we have witnessed nothing that will at all compare with the Patent Ambrotypes furnished by J. Rehn, at his American Gallery of Photography, 126 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and by James A. Cutting, 49 Tremont Street, Boston. The term employed to distinguish these pictures, and to characterize this last and greatest achievement in this department of art, is derived from the Greek word *Ambrotos*, and implies that the object is *indestructible*. The process has been patented in the United States, England, and France, and the pictures so far supplied all others in their remarkable beauty, durability, and relief, that they will doubtless soon supersede the ordinary Daguerrotype altogether, and, at the same time, leave us, in this respect, little to desire which can accomplish.

The metallic plates used for daguerrotypes will not long resist the action of the atmosphere; hence the picture is gradually impaired, and in a few years loses its strength and beauty. But the Ambrotypes are free from this objection. Moreover, they do not reverse the objects reflected, but represent every thing in its true position. The image of the object is reflected on a plate of French glass, the surface of which is previously subjected to the operation of certain chemical agents, and thus rendered sensitive to the action of light. Another glass plate is then placed over the picture, and the two are hermetically sealed in such a manner that neither time nor the elements can impair the picture, which may be seen in any light. These exquisite specimens of art may be immersed in water for months together without the slightest injury, and it is believed that they will remain for ages without any perceptible change in their unequalled depth of light and shade, and the peculiar richness of their tone.

The Franklin Institute, at its late exhibition, awarded to Mr. Rehn the highest premium for his Ambrotypes; also for his Mezzographs, which are made perfect without the use of the artist's pencil. From one to one thousand impressions of the latter may be produced from a single sitting. The Mezzograph involves an improvement on the Crystalotype process, the picture being taken from life, and altogether superior in the accuracy of its details and the clearness of its effect. Mr. Rehn's AMBROTYPES STEREOSCOPES must be seen to be appreciated, for their bold relief and exquisite beauty somewhat transcend our powers of description.

A fine specimen of Prof. Rehn's Ambrotypes may be seen at this office.

A FRAGRANT OFFERING.

Under this head we desire to acknowledge the receipt of a box of perfumery from Mr. T. B. Neibert, Natchez, Miss., containing half a dozen bottles of the concentrated extracts prepared by him, embracing the sweetbrier, patchouly, heliotrope, orange, musk rose, etc., all of a superior quality, as proved by the concurrent testimony of our "better half" and one of our own senses.

Some men lightly esteem the fragrant incense which Nature perpetually sends up from her floral altars; they appear to think that the choicest odors are of no real value in the Divine economy, and hence only fit to minister to the fastidious and perverted desires of a few exquisite, whose effeminate habits incapacitate them for any manly purpose or pleasure. We have no participation in this notion; nor do we share the appetite which enjoys Yankee Doodle or a good dinner, while, at the same time, it has no appreciation of the most delicate perfumes. If we ever turn up our nose at friend Neibert, it certainly will not be because we question the utility of his business, but only to inhale the incense from his slembe. What if our friend addresses the external sense; he does it in the most agreeable manner possible, and without corrupting the sources of our moral life. Indeed, his appeal is to the only physical sense which has never led mankind astray, or obscured the light of a single human spirit.

Our friend's circular enumerates nearly fifty different articles, all of which, we presume to say, may be obtained at reasonable prices, for cash.

JUDGE EDMONDS' LECTURE.—On Sunday evening last Judge Edmonds delivered, before a large and intelligent audience, at Dodworth's Academy, the first of a series of Lectures which will be continued on several consecutive Sunday evenings. We were not present last Sunday, being absent from the city, but learn that the lecture, which was introductory and historical, was received with earnest attention and general approbation. The ensuing lectures will be very numerous and attended.

LECTURES IN BROOKLYN.—Mr. A. J. Davis will lecture in the Brooklyn Institute, on Wednesday evening, March 28th; also on Wednesday evening, April 4th.

Mrs. Eliza M. Clark will speak in the same place, on Sunday, April 1st, commencing at three o'clock P.M. Seats free.

MR. PARDEE, a medium who speaks in the trance state, addressed a public audience in Dodworth's Academy on Sunday morning last. We understand that his discourse was intrinsically interesting and well received.

MR. A. J. DAVIS delivered an interesting lecture in the Hall of the Brooklyn Institute on Sunday afternoon last to a very large and attentive audience.

THE Editor commences a course of Lectures in Troy, on Tuesday evening of this week, on various themes of fact and philosophy pertaining to the spiritual movement, and answering the principal theological objections popularly urged against these alleged new developments from the Spirit-world.

THE FINAL ORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY.

"We are indebted to a foreign gentleman of distinguished intellect for powers and attainments for the following highly interesting letter. We shall be most happy to furnish a vehicle for his earnest and enlightened thoughts as often as he may be pleased to occupy our space."

London, Feb. 28, 1885.

MR. EDITOR:

You and I belong to two different worlds. I never saw your world; perhaps you never saw mine, and most probably the greatest portion of your readers never saw it. Patriotism is natural; we all love our own country, or at least we wish it well; and we glory in its honor and feel ashamed of its reproach. It is our Mother. For this reason I should never argue with any man about the relative merits of his country and mine. We can not easily comprehend each other. But I firmly believe that every nation has its own part of the great problem of civilization to solve, and in proportion to the influence and power of that nation in the civilized world, is the importance of its part of the problem. From this you may conclude without further preface that to the part which the United States of America have to perform I attach great value.

But I am none of those who believe that old things go out and new come in, just like one candle following another in succession. The growth of ages, especially of civilized ages, is *one*. It is as one plant—as one tree. There is development, but no death of one part to permit another of different origin entirely to supersede it. When succession takes place, the old must ever have part in the new, and as all society hangs upon two principles—Law and Liberty—we find that all successive developments are merely different modes of attempting the solution of the great problem of the reconciliation of these two apparent contraries.

Law looks to the organization of the collective man and the mechanism of society, and in working out its own exclusive mission, its tendency is to subdue the individual and check the development of original genius, and the pursuit and realization of private interests.

Liberty, on the contrary, regards the individual man as a primary principle, and its tendency is to claim for the individual the right of a full and a free development.

It is evident that either of these alone is an impossible condition of social existence. They therefore combine in all societies. But in the eldest forms, the *law* principle predominates, and in the youngest forms, the *liberty* principle predominates.

But no nation in the world has as yet been able to adjust the balance of these two principles and put them in equilibrium. This is the mission of the age to come.

The farther East we look the more we find the law repressive of liberty. I believe Japan is regarded as the least free country in the world. Dr. Siebold, one of the Dutch visitors of Japan, says of it: "Liberty is indeed unknown in Japan—it exists not even in the common intercourse of man with man, and the very idea of freedom, as distinguished from rule license, could perhaps hardly be made intelligible to a native of that extraordinary empire. But, on the other hand, no individual in the whole nation, high or low, is above the law; both sovereigns—the *Mikado* or Pope, and the *Zogoon* or Emperor—seeming to be as completely enthralled by Japanese despotism as the meanest of their subjects, if not more so."

This is the extreme East, where the law, or the eldest of the two primordial principles, has received its fullest development. And if you seek for the fullest development of Liberty, the youngest, there is only one great country in the world in which you can find it. That is your own, which I consider the democratic antithesis of mine. Mine is the end of the Old World, yours is the beginning of the New—the woman that comes out of the man. But though liberty is decidedly feminine collectively, it is masculine individually, and thus there is no occasion to quarrel about sex.

Law is the Old World, and Liberty is the New; or, rather, Law is the eldest, and Liberty the youngest. But Law will never go out that Liberty may come in; every thing is forever; no mission ever dies; Moses and his law still live; Greek literature, philosophy, and taste are as healthy as ever; Roman law never more vigorous. But they have been modified by cultivation and translation, and the new geographical world of America will modify the old world of Europe, and combine with it. But it can only give back in return for what it receives. It has a part of the problem to solve, but not the whole.

Dividing Christendom into East and West, we find Rome at the East and the States at the West. Rome is the spiritual or ecclesiastical Liberty—the States the spiritual or ecclesiastical Liberty. France—or Russia, if you please—is, as the champion of the Church, the political Law—the States the political Liberty. Neither will ever yield to the other, because the one dislikes the excess of the other. Britain attempts to reconcile the two, but can not succeed, for one half of Britain is in the New World and the other in the Old World; and the two halves are divided. They have quarreled and separated, and Liberty has sought a wider field than she could find in the Old World. Without this wider field the problem could not have been solved. There was a providential necessity for this. It completes the antithesis of the East and West, and as a proof of this is the American West that promises to open up Japan, while the children of the extreme East are numerous and rapidly collecting on the Western Pacific shores.

The far West is the end of the world, and the Western great nation is the last of the old nations, and the beginning of the new. The movement of society turns in her and begins a new career, but it preserves its own characteristic individuality. Diversified liberty and individual variety and contrariety are its peculiarities. Hence, perhaps, in no other country can the Spirit-revelations take so manifest a form and character as in the States. In our country it does not seem to be possible, and analogy gives us a very good reason for it. The multitudinous form of Spirit-revelation is in perfect accord with the free democratic principle, and it is that form also which will forever be the most attractive and interesting to the heart and its affections. It is the resurrection of the dead, the finding of the lost, the drawing of the curtain between death and life. But something is wanting. This multitudinous form of revelation wants a unity. Where will it find it? Only by coming Eastward, and modifying old principles as it proceeds. No one country can have all the gifts nor can solve all the problem. Each has its part. When the Spirit-revelation arrives here in power, it will take a more unitary form than it does with you, and as it goes farther East than we are, it will grow proportionately in that respect—not losing its native liberty, but modifying and chastening it, while at the same time it gives greater liberty to the law that oppresses in more Eastern regions. And thus the two eternal

HAUNTS OF MEDITATION.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,
Erewhile, felt; and from the world retired,
Conversed with angels and immortal forms,
On glorious errands bent, to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice,
In waking whispers and repeated dreams
To bid pure thought, and warn the fever'd soul,
For future trials fated, to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His name to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth; and from the patriot's breast—
Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engaged—to turn the death;
And numberless such others of love,
Daily and nightly, anxious to perform,
Shook raptures from the bosom of the sky
A thousand shapes or glides athwart the dusk,
Or pass majestic on deep-rimmed, I feel
A sacred terror, a stern delight,
Gleam through my mortal frame; and thus methinks
A voice that human form, the shattered car,
Of fancy striven: "Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same Parent-Father our beings drew,
The same our Lord, and laws, and great spirit
One same of us, like thee, through stormy life
Till'd trampled, beaten on we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace mingle charms,
Then fear not us, but with responsive song
Of nature sing with us and nature's God.

—THOMSON'S "SEASONS."

ORIGINAL.

Lo! from on high electric currents stream!
On our rapt vision heavenly glories beam!
Scenes, that concealed have been since time began,
Are now unfolding to the view of man!
The reign of terror and distrust is o'er,
The gloom of death shall fright the soul no more;
Henceforth the portals from earth shall be
A season of delight, a jubilee!
The sky's gates unfold, and lo! there stand
Groups of blissed beings from "the better land!"
Resplendent angels there in bright array,
Becken the new-born soul to come away!
Electric streams invade the duller ear,
Till hushed are themselves constrained to hear!
Trembling, and awe-struck, and I shak'd thy stand,
Waiting for tidings from the Spirit-land;
Joy kindles in the eye, the stolid brow,
It wraddles in smiles, not witness'd till now!
The bands of ignorance are hark'd at length,
No longer paralyze the spirit's strength.
Hail! freedom's birth, the freedom of the mind!
God-given energies no more shall find
Their progress barred, or checked by human rules,
The worn-out creeds and dogmas of the schools,
God's limitless creation shall be ours;
There shall the spirit exercise its powers;
From stage to stage advance, from height to height arise,
Ever more pure, more happy, and more wise.

STELLA.

THE CAUSE IN AUGUSTA, ME.

AUGUSTA, ME., FEB. 4, 1885.

MEANS EDITOR: Being a sojourner in this city for a season I have been induced to make some inquiry relative to Spiritualism here. I find a few noble specimens of true-hearted Spiritualists here, much inquiry, and much skepticism. Among the members of the evangelical churches this latter skepticism is very apparent. This makes the subject unpopular here, and but few are found who have nerve enough to stand up and let their light shine. Especially is this the case with mediums. With one or two exceptions I have found it impossible to obtain an interview with any medium in this city. They seem not to want any one to know they are mediums, and only hold circles occasionally, when I can tell they only admit a chosen few, who must promise not to reveal any thing that is said or done. This is all wrong. If God has bestowed upon them the power of mediumship between the visible and invisible worlds, it is nothing of which to feel ashamed, and it is their duty to use that gift for the best good of their fellow-men. Especially is it a duty, I think, incumbent upon them to grant opportunities for sincere inquiry after truth to investigate. I don't say this in a capricious spirit; I say it in candor and love. A wrong state of things exists here among Spiritualists. There seems to be too much exclusiveness and not enough of harmony—out enough of the spirit of our great Exemplar, who commanded his disciples to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The Legislature of Maine is now in session in this city, and quite a number of its members are anxiously desiring an opportunity to investigate the subject. Can not Judge Edmunds make a short visit here? Here is an opportunity for him to do much good; will he come? In haste, yours fraternally, JOSEPH B. HALL.

ANOTHER ANGEL-WEENING.—Died, in W. Killingly, on Sunday, Feb. 11th, Mary Woodworth, aged 14 years.

The Killingly Telegraph says: "A somewhat singular incident is told us in connection with the above case. The sister of the deceased died on the 23d of December, and a few weeks after her death, Mary dreamed that her dead sister appeared to her and bade her be ready, for in two weeks she should come and take her away. The parents thought little of the dream, and we do not learn that the mind of the girl was particularly impressed by it; but as it has proved, only a day or so more than two weeks from the date of the dream has found her numbered with the dead, her remains side by side with the sister who in life was to her Angel—its dead uppoet in her mind—and now perhaps her freed Spirits enjoy sweet companionship in the world above."—*Wilkesbarre Public Advertiser*.

